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Abou Hassan, the Mag;

OR,

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED:

An Extravaganza.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE H. MILES.



BALTIMORE:
JOHN T. FORD.
1868.

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Dramatis Personæ.

ABOU HASSAN, *the Wag.*

HAROUN ALRASHID, *Caliph of Bagdad.*

MESROUR.

GIAFAR, *the Vizier.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

MAGICIAN.

MAMELUKES, SLAVES, ATTENDANTS, &c.

MOTHER MINA.

ZARA, *her Daughter.*

ZOBEIDE, *Queen of Bagdad.*

SCENE—Bagdad.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

JOHN T. FORD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of
Maryland.

Abou Hassan, the Wag ;

OR,

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall in Abou Hassan's house. Fountain in centre, dimly lighted. Enter MOTHER MINA.*

Mother Mina. Down to one dish at last! Not a thing else
to put on
Yon ancestral table but cold milk and mutton.
Down to one meal a day, and that scarce worth the tasting;
After years of fast living 'tis hard to live fasting.
Here comes Abou, my step-son—ah me, how much thinner!
Let us trust he's already had something for dinner.
Ten days in succession he's been out to borrow
Small sums of his friends: nary red, to our sorrow!
Every night he returns with the same look of horror,
And the same silly speech, "Better luck, Ma, to-morrow."

(*Enter ABOU HASSAN.*)

Abou. A flagon of wine, Ma.

Moth. M. You emptied the last.

Abou. What's for dinner?

Moth. M., (pointing outside.) Behold it.

Abou, (mockingly.) A dainty repast.

Moth. M. Blame yourself.

Abou. So I do.

Moth. M. From your sire you inherited
Two millions.

Abou. Two millions, Ma, more than I merited.

Moth. M. And where are they now?

Abou. Ask my friends.

Moth. M. You have asked them,
Ten days, to what purpose?

Abou. Why Ma, I've unmasked them.
There's some comfort in *that*.

Moth. M. So I've heard.

Abou. Yes, its jolly
To know, when one's ruined outright by one's folly,
That his brethren are sure to be out of the scrape,
And steer clear of his house till they enter in crape.
O the scamps, O the scoundrels! I fed them and wined them;
I led them, I loved them, diverted and dined them.

Moth. M. Who keeps open house, when the day comes to
lock it,
Must look for the key in a creditor's pocket.
Had your poor blinded father *but left all to me*,
We should not have to starve at the end of your spree.
Have you seen *all* your friends?

Abou. All.

Moth. M. And nothing to show?

Abou. A general negation—a positive no—
No, no, to a man. Let them go to the devil;
And so ends, alas! Abou Hassan's first revel.
Keep a stiff upper lip, do. Tho' bitter the pill, Ma,
Let's swallow what Allah provides us, Bismillah.
But where are the servants?

Moth. M. Cooks, waiters, and pages
Are solemnly waiting below for their wages.

Abou, (clapping hands.) Ho, Gauem! ho, Becar, Aladdin,
Abdallah—
Ho, all of you! I'll face the music, by Allah!

(Enter from rear, comic platoon of Servants.)

(ORCHESTRA.)

(Comic Pas. Then halt, and present bills, a la militaire.)

Make ready, aim, fire!

(Gasps as if hit.)

Well, what's the dem'd total?

Sum up the accounts, Ma—I'm sure that we owe it all.

(Three loud taps on right.)

A gun on our right.

(Three loud taps on left.)

On our left.

(Three loud taps in rear.)

In our rear!

Our creditors massing,—surrounded, I fear!

(Enter Four Sheriffs, two from each side.)

(ORCHESTRA)

Comic Pas.

First Sheriff, (collaring him.)

(Sung.)—At suit of thy baker, behold, I arrest thee !

Second Sheriff, (collaring him.)

(Sung.)—At suit of thy butcher, behold, I arrest thee !

(Third Sheriff, (collaring him.)

(Sung.)—At suit of thy goldsmith, behold, I arrest thee !

(Fourth Sheriff, collaring him.)

(Sung.)—At suit of thy grocer, behold, I arrest thee !

Abou. Played out utterly ! Never mind. Don't look so pale.
Take care of yourself. Come and see me in jail.
But stay a bit. Where are these tradesmen accurst ?
Let's have just one squint at their little bills first.

(ORCHESTRA.)

(*Tableau. Apparition or Caricature of Baker. Tent Scene in Richard.*)

Baker. Think how thou robb'dst me of my bar'ls of flour !
Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

(*Caricature of Butcher.*)

Butcher. Think on the countless beeves whose hornèd polls
For thee were punchèd full of deadly holes !
Thy unpaid butcher bids thee starve and die !

(*Caricature of Goldsmith.*)

Goldsmith. Let me like lead within thy bosom lie !
Thy unpaid goldsmith cries despair and die !

(*Caricature of Grocer.*)

Grocer. May thy lips nevermore taste Chateau Margaux,
But be thou washed to death with fulsome lager !
Thy unpaid grocer bids thee thirst and die !

All Four, (in monotone.) Let us sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

Abou, (breaking from Sheriffs.) Give me another chance !
Bind up my pockets !
Have mercy, Sheriffs ! Soft !—the lights burn blue !

(*Apparition of more creditors, in Tableau—Macbeth.*)

What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Another yet ? A seventh ? I'll see no more—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more ; and some I see
That threefold balls and compound interest carry !
Horrible sight ! And now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered butcher smiles upon me.
Nay, never shake thy gory locks at me !
Avaunt and quit my sight ! (*Tableau ceases.*)

First Sheriff. Look here, young man—this game's no go !

Second Sheriff. We've seen too much of it !

Third and Fourth Sheriffs. That's so.

Abou. Hands off, you curs ! (*Breaking away to fountain.*)

(ORCHESTRA—Sung.)

Awake ! Arise !

Sweet spirit of the deep with deeper eyes.

List, list—I summon thee, O Queen of Pearls,

Save Abou Hassan from these legal churls !

(*Arise through fountain, ZARA, like a fairy.*)

Zara. Name thy wish, master. Lo, thy servant stands
Before thee, waiting for her lord's commands.

Abou. Pay off these miscreants !

She extends a gold bag in each hand. Two sheriffs take one each.

She instantly extends two more. The two other sheriffs also take one each. Momentary tableau.

Never stop to count ;
You'll find in each precisely the amount.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Begone ! (*Exeunt sheriffs to same comic pas.*)

(*Sung.*) Queen of ocean's central caves,

Put me in funds to pay these knaves !

(*She scatters gold at his feet. A jingle by orchestra. Pointing to servants.*)

Every man instantly back to his place,
Or I'll pelt you with gold till you're blue in the face.

(*Pelting them with the coins as he speaks.*)

And instead of this beggarly ghost of a dinner,
Scant enough to make even a Bedouin thinner,
Spread a table for four, that will be just the thing
To ravish a dervise or tickle a king.

Off, all of you ! (*Exeunt servants, scrambling for gold.*)

Now, Ma, we're not through this job by
A good deal ; ten more raging duns in the lobby
Are waiting their turn. Hold your apron. O fill it,
Sweet Peri of Ocean ! Take care, Ma, don't spill it !

Pay them all—hurry up—don't stand gaping—don't pout—I'll soon tell you how this good luck came about.

Moth. M. I hope it was honestly.

Abou. Honestly, madam?

Why money means honesty, ever since Adam.

Pay 'em off, Mother, principal, interest, and more;

But never again let them darken this door.

(*Exit MOTHER MINA.*)

Now, Zara, my angel, descend from thy pedestal.

Zara, (leaping down) High time, sir; my neck's stiff, my back's broke, my head is all

Muddled with goblin and butcher and baker,

And my hands, from the gold bags, O dear, how they ache, sir.

Abou. Let me kiss out the pain.

Zara. Humbug. Let's try a dance.

I've played statue so long I still seem in a trance.

(DANCE—ORCHESTRA.)

(*Waltz. Re-enter MOTHER MINA—apron full of papers.*)

Abou. What's all this, Mother Mina?

Moth. M. Your bills, sir, receipted.

I've something to say to you, Zara; be seated.

Abou. No lecturing.

Moth. M. Silence! My Zara and you
Were born ere your father and I ever knew
Each other's existence; so only in name
Are you brother and sister. My full rights I claim
As her guardian by blood and by law. My daughter,
I've some questions to ask you; respond as you ought to.
You live at the palace with Queen Zobeide?

Zara. Yes.

Moth. M. Act as her Treasurer?

Zara. Sometimes. Proceed.

Moth. M., (fiercely.) Whence came all these gold bags?

Zara. I don't know indeed.

Moth. M. Did you rob the exchequer?

Zar. La, what a suspicion.

You forget your poor Zara is no politician.

Abou. Permit me, dear ladies, before this goes farther

To make a plain statement. I spent *half*, or, rather,

Fooled half of my fortune in dining my friends;

But the other half's left, and that makes some amends.

Would you see it, Ma, safe under spring-bolt and key,

The secret unknown save to Zara and me?

Put your spectacles on. Open, ope Sesame!

(ORCHESTRA.)

(Touches a spring-panel in wall, which revolves, discovering rows of shelves loaded with gold bags.)

Two millions, you said, my dear governor left me ;

'Tis only of *one* that my sins have bereft me.

If I ever lose that, by the hoof of Old Harry,

It will be——

Zara. By your leave, shortly after you marry.

Moth M. But why, in the name of creation, my son,

Not have quietly paid off your debts and be done?

Abou. Abou Hassan, the wag, Ma, must have out his fun.

(Advances.)

(ORCHESTRA—Song.)

About Hassan, the Wag, they call me—

I mean to live up to my name;

Whether good or bad fortune befall me,

My sport I must have all the same.

The miser exults in his gold bags.

The sage in his wisdom is blest :

But in purple and gold, or in old rags,

About Hassan's chief joy is his jest.

Chorus.

About Hassan, the Wag, they call $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{me—} \\ \text{him—} \end{array} \right.$

I { mean } to live up to { my } name ;
He { means } to live up to { his } name ;

Whether good or ill fortune befall $\begin{cases} \text{me,} \\ \text{him.} \end{cases}$

My { sport { I } must have all the same.
His { he }

Ah, sweet is your lady love's smiling,

As she bends your proud neck to her yoke,

But better than all her beguiling

Is the laughter that hails a good joke.

Though brief is the smile of fair woman,

And friendship still briefer, alas!

I've a weakness for anything human

That laughs when there's wine in the glass.

Chorus.

About Hassan, the Wag, they call $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{me,} \\ \text{him.} \end{array} \right. \&c.$

Abou. Now hear me, O Allah ! My friends I disown—

They have all played me false. But as dining alone

Ever was and will be a most terrible bore,

I limit myself to one guest, and no more ;

And he shall be one that I ne'er saw before,

And after one dinner will see never more.

Mother M. But why with even *one* guest must we be saddled?

Abou. Why the head of a woman's so easily addled.

It's a pity, I know, but a man can't well sup

Without some bearded fellow to share in his cup.

So I'll stroll to the bridge and pick up some stray fellow
With whom a young man may get decently mellow.

Zara Good night ; I must be in the palace before
The gates close.

Abou. Don't leave us.

Zara. I must.

Abou. I implore,

I entreat, I command !

Zara. Zobeide will dismiss me.

Abou. And what if she does, you'll have more time to kiss me.

Zara. Not if Mesrour should cut off my head, for I'm told
That lips in such cases are shockingly cold.

Abou. We'll say that you're suddenly sick—indigestion,
Convulsions, hysterics, cramp-colic, congestion.

Moth. M. No, the Queen would be sure to send after her pet,
And so we'd be caught in a nice little net.

Send word that *I'm* dying—nobody will fret.

She can nurse me to-night and to-morrow report
That I've suddenly rallied to comfort the court.

(ORCHESTRA—TRIO.)

Zara. O mother, you're a darling,

Abou. O mother, you're a trump ;

Moth. M. O children, you're a pair of fools,
And I'm a poor old grump.

Zara. And though I'm not his sister,

Abou. And though I'm not her brother,

Moth. M. And though I'm but his step-ma,

Trio. We dearly love each other.

Dearly love each other, yes,

Dearly love each other ;

Each will ever be to each

Sister, mother, brother.

Abou I'm out and out an orphan.

Zara. I only half and half.

Moth. M. And if you two should ever wed,
Lord, how the world will laugh.

Zara. His wife will be his sister.

Abou. Her husband be her brother.

Moth. M. I ma and step-ma, ma-in-law,
And, ten to one, grandmother.

Teio. So let us love each other, yes,
Dearly love each other.

Each will ever be to each

Sister, mother, brother.

Chorus, (all advancing.)

Abou Hassan, the Wag, they call me.

I mean to live up to my name.

Whether good or bad fortune befall me,

My joke I must have, all the same.

(MARCH.)

SCENE II.

Moonrise. A bridge in Bagdad at side. On the other side the turret of a Kiosk. Orchestra—Variations on theme of "Abou Hassan." Enter ABOU HASSAN, smoking. Sits on step of bridge.

Abou. What an exquisite night ! Scarce a man in the street.
I wonder what sort of a fellow I'll meet.
Never mind—here's a breeze and a picturesque seat.

(Enter WATER CARRIER.)

Carrier, (sung.)

Say, brother on the bridge, O wout you have a drink of nice cold water.

Abou, (mimicking him.)

Nay, brother, I've already drunk a great deal more than I ought to.

(Exit Carrier over bridge.)

(Andante of Overture to "Caliph of Bagdad." Enter HAROUN, GIAFAR, and MESROUR.)

A stranger at last, with two slaves at his side—
If I like him I'll ask him ; if not, he may slide.

Har., (advancing.) Why, what ails the blamed old town ?

Do my citizens roost with the chickens ?

Two hours have we roamed up and down

Without an adventure—the dickens.

Why, what's become of the goodly time,

And what's become of the golden prime

Of good Haroun Alrashid ?

Giaf. O Prince of the Faithful, be patient :

We'll scare up a frolic soon ;

The stars will not dance till the bulbul sings,

And the bulbul waits for the moon.

Har. Ah, Giafar, as Haroun grows older,

His city decays like himself ;

Poor Bagdad will speedily moulder

When her Caliph is laid on the shelf.

Mesroure, I'm completely disgusted.

Mes. I ditto. I'm hungry and dry,

Used up and tee-tolly busted.

Let's back to the palace and try

If the witchcraft of song and dance and bowl

Will not brighten the great Alrashid's soul.

Har. I'm sick of the blamed old palace

The sight of it makes me blue ;

What's a throne, even were it Allah's,

Without now and then something new.

Bismillah ! there's nothing so sweet as change,

Your hunting dog never feels the mange.

Giaf. On the bridge I spy
A stranger nigh.

Softly, lest he overhears.

Mes. If he does I'll slit his ears.

Har. Silence, you bloodthirsty brute!
With the fellow I'm mightily taken,
And unless I'm completely mistaken
Here's a subject at last that will suit.
He's in, I could swear, for a regular lark.
Let's sit beside him and keep dark.

I own that I'm weary. (*Sitting.*)

Giaf., (*sitting.*) I own that I'm hungry.

Mes., (*sitting.*) I own that I'm weary, and hungry, and
tongue dry.

Abou, (*to Haroun.*) Then do me the favor, most courteous and
clever sage;

My table is waiting, with viands and beverage.

Tho' I've sworn nevermore shall a friend be my guest,

The stranger is welcome to share in my best.

But hold—only one at a time was my vow.

Mes. You've asked us already, no backing out now.

Har. They're but servants of mine, of no earthly account.

Abou. Besides, it's "the first time, and so doesn't count."

Har. Hark! the muezzin to prayer is calling.

Abou. Confound that pious caterwauling.

(*Muezzin appears on balcony of kiosk. Music as in chaunt—
"Allah Ackbar."* HAROUN, GIAFAR and MESROUR prostrate in
prayer. ABOU jumps up, dances and whistles "O Mother, you're
a darling," comically blended with the cry of the Muezzin.)

Mes., (*half drawing sword, to Giaf.*) Just look at that cool un-
believer! he dares

To dance while Alrashid is saying his prayers.

Shall I cut off his head, the impertinent sinner?

Giaf., (*mumbling prayers.*) You're an ass.

Mes. Why an ass?

Giaf. We should lose a good dinner.

Abou, (*dancing against Mesrour.*) O mother, you're a darling.

Mes., (*furiously.*) By Allah!—

Giaf., (*holding him back.*) Don't hit him.

Mes. If he shoves me again, by the Prophet, I'll spit him.

Abou, (*singing and dancing.*) O mother—(*Half upsets MES-
ROUR and dances off with his turban, pursued by MESROUR
with drawn sword, held back by GIAFAR. HAROUN rises
laughing.*)

Giaf. Put up your scimetar, fool.

Abou. Here's a nice man to ask home to dinner. The mule Kicks out if you touch him. Zounds, must I be run Through the body, you booby, for having my fun?

Har. 'Tis a poor time for fun when your neighbors are praying.

Abou. 'Tis a rich thing to jump straight from praying to slaying.

Come, beauty, don't sulk; I was only a playing.

(*A comic reconciliation in pantomime.*)

Duo and Chorus—HAROUN, (*advancing with ABOU.*)

You and I are henceforth friends
Whom nothing but death can part;
For the rarest gift heaven sends
Is a man after one's own heart.

So give us your hand my man,
And show us the way to your table; } CHO. *Hip! Hip!*
Bis. { We'll eat just as long as we can, " "
And drink just as long as we're able.

(CHORUS repeat the whole as noted in score.)

Abou.

You and I are friends for to-night
But never a moment more;
Our friendship ends with the morning light—
For such was the oath I swore.

So give us your hand, my man,
I'll show you the way to my table; } CHO. *Hip! Hip!*
Bis. { We'll eat just as long as we can, " "
And drink just as long as we're able.

(CHORUS. Repeat words. Music as in score.)

(SYMPHONY BY ORCHESTRA.)

(*Exeunt over the bridge.*)

SCENE III.

Hall at Abou Hassan's, magnificently lighted. Table in centre. ZARA, MOTHER MINA. Attendants. Fountain as before.

Zara It's time he was back, ma.

Moth. M. Unless he comes soon
Our dinner'll be spoiled.

Zara. For the sake of some loon
Not worth looking at twice. I shouldn't object
If he brought home a fellow no girl could reject;
But I'll bet ten gold pieces to one, if you dare to,
That the man he selects is some prosy old scarecrow.

(Enter ABou.)

How shamefaced he looks. (*Aside.*)

Abou I've invited a lord
Of the utmost distinction. I hope you'll accord
A generous welcome to him and his men.

Moth M. His men!

Abou. Only two.

Moth. M. We'll be ruined again!

Abou. See them instantly quartered in suitable rooms
To make their ablutions. Let choicest perfumes
And daintiest linen——

Moth. M. Enough—you're stark mad! (*Exit Moth. M.*)

Abou. Why, when men want their fun *must* all women
look sad?

(ORCHESTRA.)

Duo.

Zara. What sort of a guest have you captured?

Abou. One with whom you'll surely be enraptured.

Zara. Some withered old with wretch the mug of a monkey,
With the eye of a toad, and the voice of a donkey.

Abou. His brow is like snow from the mountain,
His glance is the flash of the fountain,
His eyelids are curved like the almond,
His step is the zephyr——

Zara. O Gammon!

AMBO. { I'll swear black and blue that the picture { ^{is} isn't } true,
I'm certain that you'll say the fellow { ^{will} won't } do.

Abou. What sort of a guest would you fancy?

Zara. Not the Caliph himself could entrance me.

Abou. Some dear little dove

Zara. Not far from your size,

Abou. With the rose on his cheeks,

Zara. And the deuce in his eyes.

A figure like Mercury's station,

An eye ever blind to flirtation,

A step like the wave of the willow,

A purse long as kissing——

Abou. Bismillah!

AMBO. { I'll swear black and blue that the picture { ^{is} isn't } true,
I'm certain that you'll say the fellow { ^{will} won't } do.

First eight bars of Adagio to overture, Caliph of Bagdad. Enter
MOTHER MINA, HAROUN, MESROUR, GIAFAR. At same time,
opposite, enter Slaves with dinner.

Zara, (aside.) The Caliph himself, with Mesroure and Giafar!

Abou. Why, Zara, what scares you?

Zara. I feared that the sapphire

You gave me was missing. (*Whispers.*) Take care of your head !
Your guest is the K——

Mes., (*approaching.*) —sh ! a word and you're dead.

You know us—we know you—so mum, or you die !

Zara. And he *would* kill me, too—I can tell by his eye.

Abou. My guest is the K——what ? (*At one ear.*)

Zara. The K——K——

Mes., (*at other ear.*) Beware !

Abou. What the deuce is the Ku Klux ?

Mes., (*tapping sword hilt.*) Now blab if you dare.

Moth. M. Are you crazy, girl ?

Zara. Partly. I'm subject to fits

Of abstraction, In time I'll recover my wits.

Your pardon till then. (*Attempts to signal Abou. Pantomime between all four.*)

He's blind as a bat.

Moth. M. She's mad as a march hare.

Mes. She's cute as a cat.

Zara. Zounds, men are too stupid ! (*Turning away.*)

Abou., (*turning away.*) I give up the riddle !

Ha, here come our tenderloins, fresh from the griddle !

(*Enter more Slaves with dishes.*)

Pass the plate—fill the bowl—come, my masters, fall to.

Zara, (*as Mesrour goes to table.*) Though, it costs me my life,
I'll be even with you !

Mes., (*loftily.*) No possible pain that a man ever felt,

No possible blow that a girl ever dealt

Compares with the extract of agony wrung

From a woman when forced into holding her tongue. (*Goes to table. Carousal.*)

Zara, (*taking Mother M. apart.*) I know these gentlemen, Ma ;
it won't hurt them

If we get up some nice little game to divert them.

Let's be at it ; and soon that big bully shall know

What a man may expect when a woman's his foe.

(*Exeunt ZARA and MOTHER MINA.*)

Abou., (*to Haroun.*) Allow me to give you this morsel of goose,
Young, juicy and tender——(*Mesrour chokes, &c.*)

——He's strangling ! the deuce !

Giaf., (*beating him on back.*) I told him he'd choke, but he
kept stuffing on

As if——

Mes. Don't hit so hard.

Har. Hit harder !

Mes. It's gone!

Har. What was it?

Mes. Don't ask.

Har. I insist.

Mes. Do you? Well,

In eating an oyster I swallowed the shell.

Omnes. He swallowed the shell!

Giaf. He's a goner!

Har. He's dead!

Abou. Bring in an emetic!

Mes. Bring champagne instead!

The shell of an oyster's but mother-of-pearl,
And pearl melts in wine, as the ravishing girl
Who won Cæsar and Antony proved, bless her soul!
Ten bottles of wine, or I die!

Abou. We have plenty.

'Tis all at your service.

Mes. It is? then say twenty.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Abou. (to *Slaves*, who *exeunt*.) Bring in the Goblet of my Sire!

Har., (to *Giaf*.) Bring in the Goblet of his Sire!

Mes. and *Chorus*. Bring in the celebrated Goblet of his Sire!
(*Re-enter Slaves*, with enormous golden goblet carried between them.)

Har. An inverted church spire!

Giaf. Only very much higher!

Mes. Just the size I require!

Abou. (to *Slaves*.) Fill up the Goblet of my Sire!

(*They fill it, keeping time and jingle as he sings.*)

(ORCHESTRA—SONG.)

Abou. Look, here's the Goblet of my Sire,
Wherein he used to dip his nose;

Mes. This is the solvent I require;
One draught will banish all my woes.

Abou. When Papa met with any bother,
So, at least, I've heard them say,
He and my late lamented mother
Would drain this trifle thrice a day.

Chorus.

Look, here's the Goblet of my Sire! &c.

Abou. Look, here's the Goblet of my Sire,
Which with one hand he used to lift,

Mes. Swing it on high and sometimes higher,
Before its foaming bead he sipped.

Abou. Try if with both hands stoutly straining,
You can upheave it from the ground;
Try if with half an evening's draining
You can exhaust this bowl profound.

Chorus.

Look, here's the Goblet of my Sire, &c.

Mes., (taking it by both handles.) Come, my paternal mug!
 I'll try you!
 Up to my lips!

Abou. Have at it—I defy you!

(ORCHESTRA.)

As MESROUR strains for the lift, Banjo heard "without. Momentary Tableau.

Har. Silence—there's music in the street.

Abou, (to *Moth. M.*) Who is it?

Moth. M. A roving minstrel—will you have him in?

Har. By all means. Thus the angels sometimes visit.

Mes. To keep him out were certainly a sin.

Abou. So let him enter and forthwith begin.

(Enter ZARA, as a Roving Minstrel, with Banjo.)

Har. Come, little sprite, tell us where is your home—
 Why you are ragged, and whither you roam?

(ORCHESTRA—SONG.)

Zara.

From town to town we wander,
 My little lute and I;
 The pretty stars up yonder
 Perhaps may tell you why.
 I only know
 Where'er we go
 We find a home beneath the sky.

We ask each vale and mountain
 If home at last is nigh;
 We ask each stream and fountain,
 And thus they all reply:
 Sing bravely on,
 Some shining morn
 You'll find a home above the sky.

(Applause by jingling of glasses.)

Abou. Bravo, well done! Can't you give us a dance—
 A saraband- shake-down, or something from France?

Zara. O yes, if I must,
 I can kick up a dust,
 But you'll all help me out with the music, I trust.

(ORCHESTRA. *She Dances the Air as in Score.*)

Abou, (singing with Orchestra.)

That's the thing,
 What a fling,
 He's light as any feather;
 How he spins
 On his pins;
 Come, let's take a turn together.

(Joins in.)

Har., (after they have taken a turn.)

There they go,
Heel and toe;
All my body's in a tingle.
I'm in too,
Tooral-loo,
You and Giaf. may sit and jingle. *(Joins in.)*

Giaf., (after a turn.)

Go it boss,
This old boss,
When he sees his master dancing,
Though he's scarce
Worth his grass,
Cannot keep from slightly prancing. *(Joins in.)*

Mes.

Shall I stick
To my liq-
-uor, or join the ring gymnastic?
Toi-de-rol,
Ho, by gol-
-ly, we'll try the light fantastic. *(Joins in.)*

Moth. M.

How they bound
Round and round,
How my heels and toes are itching;
Let me in,
It's a sin,
But, bedad, it's too bewitching.

Slaves, advancing in platoon and jingling glasses in tune. Triangles.

Slaves. How they hop,
How they pop;
When the soul is overflowing,
Never stop
While a drop
Of the sweet elixir's flowing. *(Join in.)*

Omnes.

Here we go,
Heel and toe,
Pluck the rose while it is blowing;
Keep it up,
We can sup
When we hear the rooster crowing.

(All take a turn together, wildly.)

Giaf., (drops out and back to table.)

I'm half dead,
O my head,
It's spinning like a whip top.

Har., (joining Giafar.)

Poor old man!
Vive Cancan!
O Giafar, ain't it tip-top?

Abou, (falling out)

I'm dead beat;
Where's my seat?
Where's the Goblet of my Sire?

Moth. M.

Where's the cup?
I'm used up,
Though I thought I'd never tire.

Me., (after a comic turn with Zara.)

I've enough,
Quantum suf.
Where's that goblet of the old man?
Fill it full,
With one pull
I'll finish up the whole can!

MESROUR *heaves the goblet up to his lips. ZARA pushes it over him, so that both roll over on the floor. As he rises and pursues her with drawn scimeter, she steps behind the fountain and reappears in Ballet Dress.*
Waltz. MESROUR standing in a comic pose.

Har. Why, the lad is a Peri.

Giaf. The boy is a girl,

Har. Just look at poor Mesrour.

Giaf. My stars, can't she whirl!

(Waltz finishes.) ZARA advances up to MESROUR. Duo and Comic Dance.)

Zara. Do you know this step?

Mes. Ho, By the lord,
'Tis something in this style, I take it.

Zara. But throw your sabre overboard,
Because in dancing you might break it.

Mes. O lovely maid! *(Throws away his sword.)*

Zara. O peerless man?

Mes. O queen of hearts!

Zara. O knave of trumps!

Ambo. Where did you learn to dance cancan?
Where did you learn to stir your stumps?

Chorus.

Mes. I love you, love.

Zara. You do, you say?
Then down upon your bended knee,
And swear that, come whatever may,
You never will be false to me.

Mes. I swear it, lo! But just one kiss
To seal our bargain, pretty dear.

Zara. Then pray come closer. *(Taking him by the ear.)*

Mes. Zounds, what's this?
By Jove, she's got me by the ear.

Chorus.

(ZARA advances to Caliph, holding MESROUR by the ear)

Har., (applauding.) Well done! Ask any boon—'tis thine.

Zara, (pointing to Mesrour.) Strike off that rascal's head!

Har. All right.

Mes. Strike off my head! Why?

Zara. Just for spite!

I swore I'd pay you back to-night.

I swore that ere morning I'd let you know

What a man may expect when a woman's his foe.

Mes., (*aside.*) It's Zara, the vixen!

Har. Kneel, slave, for thy fate!

Mes. Dares she play her tricks on Mesroure the Great?

(*Laments.*)

Giaf. Just hear him whine.

Har., (*raising scimitar.*) Die, dog——

Zara., (*mock heroic, interrupting him.*)

Cut to the chine!

But no—'twould stain the floor. Let's drown the scamp in wine.

Bury him in the Goblet of my Sire.

Omnes. Bury him in the Goblet of my Sire!

Mes. A death I most especially desire.

Har., (*giving gem.*) Well, since he is pardoned, this gem shall attest

How Alrashid is pleased with thy dance and thy jest.

(*Aside.*) But, remember, no blabbing. The Tigris is dark,

And the blood that is shed on its wave leaves no mark.

I shall now drop a lozengè in Abou's good wine

That shall lay him out cold.

Zara. Cold! O Allah!

Har. Don't weep.

He'll be warm enough, pet, when he wakes from his sleep.

Moth. M., (*to Zara.*) Some twenty Mamelukes, or more,

Are standing guard before the door.

Har., (*aside.*) That's right.—Great wag, how can I e'er requite

Thy princely hospitality to-night?

Abou. Never again come near me. Should we meet

In mosque or market, bath or booth or street,

Pass as you would a stranger—as I swore

My guests are welcome once, but never more.

Har. And must we part forever?

Abou. Will you miss me?

So swore a hundred girls who used to kiss me;

And yet, before a hundred hours were over,

Each flirt was happier with another lover.

Har. But I'm a man.

Abou. Ah, men are traitors all, sir,

Less fair than woman, and a great deal falser.

Zara. My sentiments exactly.

Har. Partner of my soul,
Before we sever——

Abou. Gammon! Fill the bowl!
Let's have a jolly final song all round,
Then welcome shining dreams or sleep profound.
You'll find, instead of waking broken-hearted,
We'll all thank heaven for being forever parted.

Har. You beardless cynic, since it must be so,
Fill up!

Abou. All round, a glass before we go!

Har. All round, including that most ancient dame.

Abou, (*turning to her.*) Come, ma.

(*Haroun drops lozenge in his cup.*)

Zara. There goes the lozenge—it's a shame!

Mes., (to Giafar.) Hallo—what's up?

Giaf. I think I see the game.

Har. A toast—a song!

Omnes. A song—a toast!

FINALE TO ACT FIRST.

ORCHESTRA. SONG—SOLO AND CHORUS.

Abou.

Well, here's to the good Haroun;
May his shadow never be smaller,
May he live till the man in the moon
Is two or three inches taller.
For Alrasbid the Great is no snob,
But a jolly good fellow like me.
But O how my temples throb,
By Jove, I can hardly see.

(*Reeling*.)

Chorus. Yet here's to the good Haroun;
Great Allah our Caliph bless;
As long as there's light in the moon
May his shadow never be less.

May he live till the Tigris is dry,
May he live while this town has a tower,
Live as long as a star's in the sky,
As long as the earth has a flower.
For Alrashid the Great is a Wag,
A jolly good fellow like me;
But O, by Jove, how I stag-
-ger; the deuce, I can hardly see.

(*Reeling.*)

Chorus. Yet here's to the good Haroun;
Great Allah our Caliph bless;
As long as there's light in the moon
May his shadow never be less.

SYMPHONY.

At the end of Song and during Symphony, ABOU staggers and finally falls, supported by MESROUR and GIAFAR. At the end of the Symphony, he rallies, breaks from them, rushes forward and sings:

Solo.

My love, I see the houris beckon.
 O won't you come along with me?
 Before another hour I reckon
 In Paradise we'll be!

Quartette.

<i>Mes.</i> There he goes.	}	<i>Bis.</i>
<i>Giaf.</i> Sound asleep.		
<i>Zara.</i> It's a shame.		
<i>Har.</i> Call the guard!		
<i>Omnes.</i> Call the guard!	}	<i>Ensemble.</i>
<i>Moth. M.</i> Spare my only son!		
<i>Chorus.</i> Call the guard!	}	<i>Ensemble.</i>
<i>Har.</i> Fear not for him! Move on!		
<i>Chorus.</i> Call the guard!		

The wide arched door in rear opens, discovering the Caliph's Guard of Mamelukes, who advance and raise ABOU on their shoulders.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Palace of the Caliph. On R., HAROUN, MESROUR, GIAFAR. On L., ZOBEIDE, ZARA. The two parties visible to each other and audience, but screened or curtained off from ABOU. In C., ABOU HASSAN asleep on the Caliph's couch of state. Mamelukes, MASTER OF CEREMONIES, Dancing Girls, Singing Girls, &c.

(ORCHESTRA—A strain of low music. Tremolo.)

Haroun. Is he awake?

Master of Ceremonies. Just waking.

Har. Now, my Queen,
 The fun begins. Keep well behind the screen.
 Remember, sirrah, when he wakes to pay
 Obeisance meek.

M. of C. To hear is to obey.

Har. Remember, Abou Hassan 's Caliph for to-day!

Omnes. Yes, Abou Hassan's Caliph for to-day.

Har. Play your parts well.

Abou. (*yawning and turning.*) I must have slept a year.
Mother!

Cluster of Pearls. Great Prince, 'tis time for morning prayer.

Abou. Am I in Paradise, or is it but
A vision that will melt away? I'll shut
My eyes awhile to see.

Willow Wand. Hail Prince!

Abou. Indeed-in-
Double I died last night and wake in Eden.

(ORCHESTRA—Lutes and Dulcimers.)

Yes, hark I hear the blessed houris humming.

Where's Allah and his Prophet? Aint they coming?

Zobe. O, the irreverent dog!

Har. The beardless sinner!

Abou. What means this hocus-pocus? Am I in for
Delirium tremens? No, my hand is steady;
My head —

M. of C. Behold thy royal slippers ready.

Abou. Diamonds and rubies! Genuine, I trust.

M. of C. The finest in the world.

Abou. (*pocketing them.*) How handsome! Dust
Shall henceforth never soil them.

M. of C. But you must

Wear them upon your feet, not in your sleeve.

Abou. Must I?—that's hard. Well, slip them on.

Two Attendants. Receive
Thy robe of state.

Abou. My robe of state! I'm mad,
Or you are, or else all of us, bedad.

Don't ram it down my mouth! By George, I'll smother—
Let my head out, I tell you! Mother! mother!

(ORCHESTRA.)

M. of C., (chanted.)

Bring in the woman that he calls his mother.

(*Duo.*) Bring in the woman that he calls his mother.

(*Chorus.*) Bring in the woman that he calls his mother.

(*Enter MOTHER MINA, attended.*)

Abou. So here you are, at last. Confound you, tell me where
I am——

Mother Mina, (bowing.) Great Caliph——

Abou. Caliph! If you dare
Join in this deviltry, by Allah's beard I swear
I'll strangle you!

Har., Mes. and Giaf., (laughing.) By Allah's beard!

Attendants. O, don't!
Don't hurt the poor old lady.

Abou. Well, I won't!
(*To Moth. M.*) Am I not Abou Hassan? Heaven and earth,
You've known me almost ever since my birth.
Why do you stare and blink so? Am I not
Your husband's son?

Moth. M. O great Alrashid, what
A question! Lo, great Prince, thy meanest slave,
Before thee meekly kneeling, deigns to crave
The restoration of her missing child.

Abou. Her missing child! 'Fore heaven, you'll drive me
wild.

Do you not know me? Are not these my eyes?
And these my arms, and these my legs and thighs?
Behold your missing child—he stands before you!

Moth. M., (rising.) Alas, all-wise Haroun, what spell is o'er
you?

May Allah soon to your lost wits restore you.

Abou. Out, lying hag!

Attendants. Don't hurt her, we implore you.

Abou. This is the queerest dream I ever had.
Am I enchanted, am I really mad?

Cluster of Pearls come hither; hither too
My Wand of Willow. Pray come closer, do;
Take each an ear between your teeth and bite—
Perhaps I'm sleeping—bite with all your might!

(*Screams.*) What teeth you have! I think they must have met.
I'm wide awake, but here's that vision yet
Just as it was before. Once more, my girls,
My Wand of Willow and my Bunch of Pearls,
Who am I?

Ambo. Hail Haroun the Good.

Abou. Amen.

For your sweet sakes I'll play the Caliph then.
Come kiss me. (*They dance off.*)

Ah, I thought young misses
Were not so shy of great Alrashid's skisses.

Zobe., (to Haroun.) You see, sir, what a character you bear.

Har. I must admit he rather had me there.
(*To Mes. and Giaf., who are having pantomime at his expense.*)
O laugh and wink away, I am not vexed;
Yes, nudge each other well—your turn comes next.

M. of C. Receive thy turban.

Abou. Here's a solitaire
Big as a hen's egg. Fellow, can't I wear
The turban on my head *without* the gem?

M. of C. 'Twould mutilate the sacred diadem.

Abou. Why what's the use of ever having a throne,
If all belonging to it aint your own?
Once make this doctrine to the people known,
And over *throne* they'll soon write *overthrown*.

(ORCHESTRA.)

(Willow Wand and Cluster of Pearls dance forward with golden basin and ewer. Ablutions. Muezzin outside chants to morning prayer. Musicas in Second Scene of First Act. All present, except Abou, engage in prayer.)

Abou. Well, it's a pleasant transformation; I'm resigned.
Its quite a jolly thing to rule mankind;
And though our governors always say they rue it,
Yet, somehow, all of them take kindly to it.

M. of C. Prince of the faithful, kneel.

Abou. For what?

M. of C. For prayers.

Abou. O, say them for me.

Mes. Ha, ha, ha!

M. of C. Who dares
Disturb our high devotions?

Abou. Let it slide;

'Twas but the braying of some ass outside.

Giaf., (*nudging Mesrour.*) That's you. He, he!

M. of C., (*bouncing up.*) By Allah, that's no donkey.

Abou. The feeble snicker of some ancient monkey.

Zobe., (*laughing.*) So much for Master Giafar.

M. of C. Heard you that?

Abou. Distinctly. 'Twas the purring of a cat.

Har. So much for Lady Zobeide. (*Laughing.*)

M. of C. No more
Of this irreverence.

Abou. Let the lion roar.

You keep a whole menagerie, I see.

On with your prayers—proceed—don't wait for me.

M. of C. But you *must* join us.

Abou. *Must?* Give me your sword.

Since I *am* Caliph, sirrah, mark my word;
When pushed too far, I'm good enough at slaying,
But you, yourself, must do my share of praying.
I don't know how to pray.

Omnes. He don't know how.

Abou. And don't intend to learn.

Mes. The dog !

Abou. And, now

I come to think on't, hear my edict first.
 Since those who pray most mostly are the worst,
 All public praying is henceforth abolished ;
 And if you growl I'll have your mosques demolished.
 Silence that Muezzin, some of you good people ;
 Make him shut up, or pitch him from the steeple.

Har. A Caliph every inch.

Mes. The hound !

Giaf. The scamp !

Har. 'Fore heaven, he rules a kingdom like a camp.

Abou, (*with great pomp.*) Give me my sceptre.

M. of C. (*giving it.*) Lo !

Abou. All solid gold.

Now lead to my throne. (*He rises.*)

ORCHESTRA.

March and Chorus.

Behold, behold,
 As in the east the morning breaketh,
 Behold, behold,
 Alrashid from his rest awaketh—
 Greater than all the kings of old,
 Greater than all the chiefs of story,
 Alrashid riseth in his glory.

(*Procession, after which ABOU ascends the throne.*)

Abou, (*before sitting.*) I was plain Abou Hassan yesterday,
 To day Haroun Alrashid, you all say.

Omnes, (*flourish of gongs, &c.*) Yea ! yea ! Long live the
 the great Haroun ! Yea ! yea !

Abou. So be it. Now, lest he's transformed to me,
 And therefore short of cash, send instantly
 Unto my former quarters fifty score
 Of gold bags, fifty pieces each or more,
 And set a guard of Mamelukes at the door.

M. of C. To hear is to obey. (*Gives orders.*)

Har. He'll swamp the State.

Abou. Next, since I *am* Alrashid, where's my mate ?

M. of C. Your mate ?

Abou. My Queen, the Lady Zobeide.

Zara, (*aside to Zobeide.*) You'll have to humor him.

Zobe. I can't, indeed.

(*To Master of Ceremonies.*) Say I've a headache.

M. of C. Sire, your Queen is sick.

Abou. I'll cure her. Bring her instantly ! Be quick !

Har. Obey, no hesitation : I insist.

Zobe. But if he—wants—to—kiss me?

Har. Well, be kissed.

Zobe. Upon my word I'll pay you back for this.

Perhaps he might not take a hug amiss. (*She steps forward veiled, followed by Zara and pairs of damsels also veiled.*)

Abou. Are you unwell, sweet lady? Lift your veil:

Beauty is loveliest when slightly pale.

(*She lifts the veil.*)

Great Allah! forty if a day!

Zobe. My lord,

My head aches dreadfully. My own adored,
Let my poor forehead rest upon thy breast. (*Puts her arm round his shoulder.*)

Har. What next, I wonder?

Giaf., (*to Haroun.*) Don't you think the jest
Grows rather serious, as you may perceive, for——

(*She kisses him.*)

Mes. Well, there's a sight to charm a bold believer.

Zobe. Take me a little nearer: don't edge off.

Har., (*fidgetting.*) Ahem!

Zobe., (*aside.*) Already he begins to cough.

(*To Abou.*) I never saw you look so well, so young.

Abou. Would *she* were something younger.

Zobe. Has your tongue

No word of comfort for your doting queen?

Let us retreat from this distracting scene

Unto the grotto where the roses blow.

Har., (*mimicking her.*) Unto the grotto where the roses blow.

Giaf., (*mimicking her.*) Unto the grotto where the roses blow.

Mes., (*mimicking her.*) Unto the grotto where the roses blow.

Har., (*to Giaf.*) I call that cool, pre-eminently cool.

Don't you?

Giaf. I call it *rather* out of rule.

Har., (*to Mes.*) Don't you?

Mes. I call the man a downright fool.

(*Aside.*) She shouldn't ask *me* twice.

Zobe., (*caressingly.*) Come love, let's go.

Abou. I'd like to go amazingly, you know,

But cares of state detain me to my throne.

And then I have a secret wish, I own,

To see my sister Zara. Is she here?

Zobe. Your *sister* Zara? What, the little dear
Who is my treasurer? Your sister, how?

Abou. My sister yesterday—what she is now,
Since I'm Alrashid, heaven alone can say;
But if she's here I'll marry her to-day.

Omnes. Marry his sister!

Zobe. And desert your queen!

Abou. I'll have two queens, my dear, to sit between,
Instead of one, that's all. Now hear me, all ye
Faithful of Bagdad: men may henceforth call me
Haroun or Hassan, as the stars may make it;
But one thing's positive, I rather take it—
I'm not yet married; and, as sure as fate,
I mean to choose—and choose to-day—a lawful mate.
If Zara's present, then, upon my life,
Before yon sun sets, Zara is my wife.

Zobe. So I must have a rival!

Abou. Why not, dear?

The true Haroun
Will turn up soon,
And then you see we're square.

Zobe. Well, I consent. Approach, Miss Treasurer.
(*Zara advances.*) Unveil. Is this the lady?

Abou. Yes, that's her.
Stand forth, you little imp; look in my eyes
And answer all my questions; mind, no lies.
Who am I?

Zara, (bowing.) Caliph of Bagdad.

Zobe. That's so.

Abou. My name?

Zara. Alrashid.

Abou. Did you never know
A wag called Abou Hassan?

Zara. My old beau
And step-brother? Why certainly I do.

Abou. And am I not that very party?

Zara. You?
O great Alrashid!

Abou. Why, you little devil,
'Twas only last night that you shared our revel.
Don't you remember the big burly brute
Who tried to smash you and your little lute.

Har. That's *you*, Mesrour.

Zara. I recollect him well.

Abou. And that lank ancient individual,
That walking skeleton, whose graveyard grin
Seemed challenging the earth to ope and take him in?

Mes. There Giaf., that's you.

Zara. Methinks I see him now.

Abou. And that grand stranger with the splendid brow
And eyes so bright that if the sun were hurled
From heaven they'd still suffice to light the world.

Har., (*spreading himself.*) That's me! Somebody instantly
record

That distich in our archives word for word.

Zara, (*glancing at Haroun.*) Methinks I see him too.

Abou. And yet you don't

Remember me, or, possibly, you won't?

Come hither; mount these steps; nay, never fear—

Approach still closer—so—now take this chair.

Don't you remember this? (*taking her hand.*)

And this? (*arm round waist.*)

And this, Miss? (*kissing her.*)

Zara. Don't ask a woman to remember kisses.

Zobe., (*holding her cheek.*) It's my turn now.

Abou. Be patient; business first.

(*To M. of C.*) Sirrah, search Bagdad for the knaves accurst,
Who supped with Abou Hassan.

M. of C. One is caught
Already.

Abou. Let him instantly be brought
Before us.

M. of C. Bring in the vagrant.

Mes., (*sotto voce.*) Great Haroun,
Don't let him flay me.

Har. Take your chance, you loon.

(*MESROUR is dragged before the throne.*)

Abou. So, sir, I've got you! Down upon your knees!

Mes., (*kneeling.*) Prince of the Faithful, anything you please.

Abou. Where's Abou Hassan?

Mes. Safe at home, I hope.

Abou. If he's not safe your neck shall stretch a rope.
Meanwhile a hundred lashes, fair and square,
On his bare back.

Mes., (*whining.*) Great Prince, omit the bare.
On my back, yes; but O, omit the bare.

Abou. Omit the bare, but hit him twice as hard.

M. of C. Sire, there's another caught and under guard.

Giaf., (*to Haroun.*) Master, protect me.

Har. Plead to Zara, she's
The power behind the throne.

Abou. Down on your knees,
You dangling eelskin.

Giaf. Mercy, mercy, please !

Abou. What has become of Abou Hassan, ruffian ?

Giaf. 'Tis said he killed himself with overstuffing.

Abou. You lie, you dolt ! I'll have *you* stuffed, you hound !
Make you my death's head, carry you around
As hermits carry skulls, nail you before me,
A grim, perpetual memento mori.

Both, (kneeling to Zara.) Most gracious maid, for mercy
deign to plead !

Zara. Haroun, let me pass sentence ?

Abou. I'm agreed.

Zara. That scamp shall sing a song ; this ancient prig
Sing chorus, and then both perform a jig.

Abou, (aside.) With variations. (*To Master of Ceremonies.*)
Bring in two whose trade is

To deal extensively in bastinadoes ;
And when that tuneful pair begin their dancing,
Lay it on strong and keep the scoundrels prancing.

M. of C. To hear is to obey. (*Whispers aside.*)

Abou. Ho ! Pipes and flutes !
Ho ! fiddles, tabors, dulcimers and lutes !
Strike up !

Giaf., (to Mesrour.) This is enough to make a Jew sick.

Mes. Come, *Giaf.*, there's no escape ; let's face the music.

ORCHESTRA.

Song—MESROUR—Solo.

I once knew an ape
Who got in a scrape
By roasting raw chestnuts, egad ;
For the fire was red hot,
So get at them was not
Such a very safe matter, bedad.
So he said to a cat,
"I'll give you a rat
If you lend me the loan of your paws!"
Says pussy, "Agreed—
Friend in need's friend indeed!"
So he raked them all out with her claws.

Duo.

Fizz, fizz, went the fire,
Mew, mew, went the cat,
While the neighbors all screamed,
"What the devil are you at?"

Says the cat to the ape,
"Now you're out of the scrape—
Fork over the rat, if you please,
And don't be the brute
That you were in the suit
Of Puss versus Pussy for cheese!"

Says the ape to the cat,
 "That giving the rat,
 Poor pussy was all in my eye;
 But your sharp little claws
 Are singed off your paws,
 So you can't scratch me now if you'd try."

Duo.

"He! he!" grinned the ape;
 "Mew! mew!" went the cat;
 "Catch me now, if you can!"
 Squeaked a jolly little rat.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Both dance a Jig. Enter two men with Bastinadoes, who lay it on in time.

Mes. & Giaf., (alternately exclaiming.) Don't hit so hard—
 I'm black and blue.

Omnes, (at intervals.) Hit 'em again.

Abou. There, that will do. (*Music ceases.*)

M. of C. We've caught the third who supped with Abou Hassan.

Har., (aside.) My turn at last. I hope he'll have compassion.

Abou. Produce the dog!

M. of C. Behold him.

Abou. Say, you vile

Enchanter—

Omnes. O Bismillah!

Abou. You all smile.

What's wrong?

Zara. O nothing.

Omnes. Nothing.

Abou, (to Haroun.) Well, you' bloody
 Son of a sea serpent—

Omnes. Oh!

Abou. Since, soul and body,
 You've made me *Caliph*, where's the missing wag
 Who kindly entertained you last night, bag
 And baggage?

Har. What! my merry, peerless host
 Missing? It can't be! Is he really lost?

Abou. He must be lost, since I'm somebody else.
 Now, mark me! Go where I—where Abou dwells;
 Find him and have him here before sundown.
 If you *don't* find him—through this blessed town
 I'll have you all three driven, strapped on mules,
 Your faces to the tails.

Zobe. That henceforth fools
 May try no tricks.

Har. Great Caliph, ere to-night
Lost Abou Hassan shall be found.

Abou. All right.

Zobe. He's lying, love. Give him a thousand lashes—
Keep him a week on oyster shells and ashes.
Bring back those fellows with the bastinadoes.

Har., (*aside.*) So much for letting her be kissed. Have
mercy, ladies!

Zara. Omit the bastinadoes, great Alrashid.

Zobe. Justice!

Abou. Eh?

Zara. Mercy!

Zobe. Justice!

Zara. Mercy!

Abou. Dash it,

You rattle so I cannot hear a word
You say.

Zara. He looks so noble.

Zobe. Such a gallows' bird
I never saw. Bring in the bastinadoes.

Zara. Mercy!

Omnes. Mercy, Alrashid! Mercy! mercy!

Abou. Curse ye!

Silence all round!

Zara. And let's have breakfast.

Abou. Hey!

Breakfast? Bedad, I'd quite forgot. Away,
My man. Have Abou Hassan here by dark,
Or perish!—I'm as hungry as a shark.

M. of C. Prince of the Faithful, what shall breakfast be?

Abou. Everything good in earth and air and sea.

Zara. And while the cook ransacks the larder, shall we,
Instead of bastinadoes, have the ballet?

Abou. With all my heart, especially if they dance
Something in fashion (not very much more than twenty) years
ago in France.

(ORCHESTRA.)

BALLET—PART I.

After Ballet enter Procession of Slaves with Breakfast.

Abou. Heaven, what a banquet! If they never find
The man I was last night I shan't much mind.
Fill full the goblets! Mother, Zara, you
My lady, one and all forthwith fall to!

M. of C. An embassy from India in the hall
Craves audience.

Abou. Indians? Kill them all!
We'll have no peace until the last one's shot.
On with the ballet! Phew! the coffee's hot!

BALLET—PART II.

M. of C. An embassy of rebels from the North.

Abou. Clap halters on their necks and lead them forth
To instant execution.

Zara. Cruel!

Abou. Cruel?
I'm told they've nothing left but pork and gruel.
So hadn't we better wipe them out at once
Than starve them slowly into skeletons?
Than coolly drive them into stark perdition,
And rack them with a vengeful inquisition?

Zara. But mercy, Caliph, never falls in vain.

Abou. Well, since methinks I've just begun to reign,
No one perhaps will blame me if I grant
A general amnesty.

Omnes. That's what we want.

Abou. Let us have peace all round, and no more bother;
A rebel *once* won back is *twice* a brother.

BALLET—PART III.

(*To Zara.*) My toes are itching.

Zara. So are mine.

Abou. Let's have a dance.

Zobe. Stick to your wine.

A Caliph never dances.

Abou. No?

Not dance, why that's a pretty go.

No matter, Zara, come along.

Since we can't dance, let's have a song.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Duo.

Abou. Will you wed me, love, to-night?

Zara. At what hour, at what hour?

Abou. When the moonbeam first is bright
On the fount and on the flower.

Zara. When the sun's last crimson shaft
Wanders back into his quiver;

Abou. And all's silent save the waft
Of the night-wind o'er the river.

Ambo.

When earth with all its care
Falls asleep with the dove,
And naught seems waking, dear,
But the stars and our love.

Duo.

Abou. Will you wed me, love, at e'en?
Zara. Where, O where shall we meet?
Abou. Where the willows weeping lean
O'er the fountain at their feet;
Zara. Where our morn of love was spent
'Mid the myrtles and the flowers;
Abou. Where the violet never bent
Beneath other steps than ours.

Ambo.

Fail not, love, to meet me there,
At the twilight's purple close,
When the dew-drop's virgin tear
Gilds the lily and the rose.

Abou. So, darling, give me a token
To seal the vow just spoken.

Zara. Do you fear it will be broken?

Abou. No ; but if one of those fairy spells
Should change me again into somebody else,
I'd like something tangible to prove
That I, after all, am your only love—
Just for fear of accidents, you know.

Zara. Well, darling, since you *will* have it so,
Let this rosebud from my hair attest
That of all mankind I love you best.

Abou. Thank you—I feel profoundly blest.
Pin it tightly to my vest. (*She fastens the flower.*)

M. of C. Will not the Caliph—— (*Presenting goblet.*)

Abou. Take a pull?
Before he dances? Fill it full. (*Drinking.*)

Zara, (aside.) I'm sure they've drugged the cup again.

Har., (aside) Soon ends poor Abou Hassan's reign.

Abou. Music! Come, Zara, I'm your man!
Waltz, Polka, Redowa, Can-Can,
Or what you will (*Staggering a little.*)

Zara. Why, you must feel
Your liquor?

Abou. Just enough to reel.
Music! Come, mother, join the fun!
Fall in, you courtiers, every single one!
Fall in! (*Staggers back.*)

Har., (*aside*.) Behold, the hasheesh tells !

Abou. Just, as I feared, love, these infernal spells
Are turning me into somebody else.

Goodby, sweetheart ; don't marry till I wake—

I'll soon be back again—O, devil take

This witchcraft !——

Har. —sh ! His eyelids close.

Abou. Zara, don't let them take my rose !

Zara. This is too cruel.

Har. Slaves, prepare
A curtained palanquin to bear
Our Caliph home. And *you* (*to Mother Mina*) be near
To watch him when he wakes.

Mother M. To hear
Is to obey.

Har. Be secret, or beware !

(*Enter Mamelukes or Slaves with Palanquin.*)

CHORUS.

See the pretty Palanquin,
We've brought to put our Caliph in.

Zara. It's a shame to serve him so !

Omnes. Gently, gently, gently go. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Vestibule at Abou Hassan's. Orchestra—March of palanquin or Finale of Second Act. Enter MOTHER MINA, followed by Slaves carrying ABOU HASSAN in the palanquin. He is transferred to a couch at side.*

Mother Mina. Here leave him and depart. How glad he'll be
To find himself once more at home with me.

(*Exeunt Bearers with palanquin.*)

ORCHESTRA—*Melody of "Will you wed me, love, to-night."*

Abou. Zara !

Moth. M. What ?

Abou, (*singing.*) Will you wed me, love, to-night.

Moth. M. He's dreaming still.

Abou, (rising on elbow.) Ho, Willow Wand, come here!
Cluster of Pearls! Why, where the mischief, where,
Where am I? Where's my Bride, my Queen, my Throne?

Moth. M. Get up, my son, it's late.

Abou, (rubbing his eyes.) All gone, all gone!
Another metamorphosis! But no, behold
These jewelled slippers and this robe of gold.
And, lo, the very rose she gave me! so
I'm Caliph still. Master of Ceremonies, go
Inform Queen Zara that her bridegroom's waiting.

Moth. M. My son, what means this miserable prating?

Abou. Am I not Caliph?

Moth. M. You, my merry wag?

You Caliph? that's a good one.

Abou. Lying hag,
Down on your knees before the great Haroun!

Moth. M. The great Haroun! Poor Abou, last night's moon
Hath made thee mad. Keep quiet while I pray:
I know a charm will chase the fiend away.

(ORCHESTRA—*a la Macbeth.*)

Round about your couch I trail
Woven pace and waving hand;
Good o'er evil must prevail,
Spirits, hear your Queen's command.
Eblis avaunt,
Afrites and Gholes,
Peri and Genie,
Back to your holes.

Abou, (sitting up.) That's some witch that hath taken my
mother's shape;

How she purrs like a cat, how she grins like an ape.
I've a notion to—— Say, witch, who else but the Caliph
Wears slippers like these? Aha, do you quail?

Moth. M. If

These shoes *are* the Caliph's, as seems only too
Likely, its all up with me and with you.

Abou. You don't mean I stole them?

Moth. M. How else could you get them?

They'll hunt you and hound you and hang you——

Abou. Ha, let them

Just try it. Observe all this golden brocade,
This cloth of the sun; did I steal *that*, you jade?
Am I king-thief of Bagdad?

Moth. M. Indeed, I'm afraid

That you are.

Abou. And this same precious flower
That my Zara pinned fast o'er my breast not an hour

Ago, is a lie and a dream and a theft?—
And the kisses that Queen Zobeide just left
On my cheeks——

Moth. M. Gracious Allah, why hast thou bereft
My poor boy of reason!

Abou. Thou withered old cinder.
Ho, somebody chuck this old fool out the window.
Will nobody answer? You ill-omened witch,
You've enchanted us all. (*Snatches cane from her.*)

Moth. M. O heaven, don't pitch
Into your mother! Dear Abou, don't beat me.

Abou. (*beating her.*) Am I not Caliph!

Moth. M. No.

Abou. No!

Moth. M. I entreat you,
Don't hit me; I'm old and don't wear the bend.

Abou. Then acknowledge me Caliph!

Moth. M. O Allah, defend
Thy servant! (*Breaks away to window.*)
Help! help! all ye faithful, attend!
Abou Hassan is killing me!

Abou. Eunuchs and guards,
Range yourselves round your Caliph and any rewards
That you ask are your own!

(*Enter Neighbors.*)

Neighbors. What's the row? what's the matter?

Mother M. He says he's the Caliph.

Neigh. He Caliph!

Abou. I flatter
Myself that I am; that *nobody* will dare
To gainsay the fact when I happen to wear
Full proof on my person. Just look at my sandals.
(*Kicking up Can-can fashion.*)

Neigh. O you unblushing thief.

Abou. O you ignorant vandals.
Just look at my robes! (*Strutting.*)

Neigh. He has plundered the palace.
Police! Ho police! (*Calling from window.*)

Abou. I defy all your malice.
Help me out of this scrape, O my Queen Zobeide.

Neigh. His Queen Zobeide! here's a madman indeed.

(*Enter Guard of Mamelukes.*)

Moth. M. Dont hurt him, he's mad but he soon will recover.

Abou. I'm Caliph, I tell you !

Neigh. Whose reign shall be over
A madhouse.

Abou. True Caliph, just look at these shoes.

Neigh. Just look at his shoes ! Oh you thief.

Moth. M. O the goose.

Abou. Cast your eyes on these robes and acknowledge Haroun.

Neigh. Yes, look at his robes, O the thief !

Moth. M. O the loon.

Abou. Just look at this rosebud that sighs for the moon.

(ORCHESTRA—CHORUS.)

Neigh. To the madhouse !

Abou. O Mamelukes and eunuchs attend me.

Chorus. To the madhouse !

Abou. O Allah and angels, befriend me !

Moth. M. Acknowledge thy error.

Abou. Acknowledge me Prince
Of the Faithful.

Neigh. Blasphemer ! and pray tell us since,
Since *when* are you Prince of the Faithful ? Come march !

Abou. Down, down on your knees, I'm as stubborn as starch !

Chorus. To the madhouse !

Moth. M. I must run back to Court lest some evil befall.

Chorus. Come along ! Come along !

Abou. Lo, I spit on you all !

Chorus. To the madhouse !

SCENE II.

Great Hall in Palace of Caliph. HAROUN and ZOBELIDE on throne.

ZARA, GIAEAR, Eunuchs, Mamelukes, Dancing Girls, Attendants.

ORCHESTRA.

Zobe. Dear Zara, what ails you ? Don't mope.

Zara. I'm not moping.

Zobe. Your Abou will shortly be back.

Har. I am hoping
Each instant to see him.

Zobe. Cheer up, little pet.

Zara. I've a very bad headache.

Zobe. Or heartache ?

Har. Don't fret.

Mesrour, as you know, has gone after our friend.
Soon all jokes in a genuine wedding shall end.

Zara. But suppose he's imprison'd for stealing your robe,
Or slain for asserting—

Har. ———he kissed the great Zobe-
eide?

Zobe. So he did, and a prettier kiss
Never came off. Cheer up, Zara—nothing amiss
Can possibly happen.

Zara. That wicked Mesrour
Would rather devour than defend him, I'm sure!

Zobe. Now, don't be a baby. The sun has not set.
There's time for that meeting by moonlight yet.

(MOTHER MINA *heard crying outside.*)

Har. A voice of wailing—let the mourner in.

(*Enter MOTHER MINA, veiled, weeping.*)

Moth. M. Prince of the Faithful, it's a sin, a sin!

Zara, (crying out with Mother Mina.) Just as I said. I'm sure
he's dead or dying.

Har. What is a sin, and wherefore all this crying?

Moth. M. They've taken him off.

Zara, (gasping.) My poor Abou!

Har. Off where?

Moth. M. To the madhouse!

Zara. I see his eyes glaring. Ha! ha! (*Frantically.*)

Zobe. This is sad. Rouse

Thyself, poor little pet. O Haroun, it's a shame.
Send Giafar to rescue him.

Giaf. First let them tame
The youngster a little. 'Twill do him no harm.

Zara, (flying at him.) You monster!

Giaf. I like that. Why, didn't he warm
My back till it burnt and my heels till they blistered?

Har. What said he on waking?

Moth. M. Talked big and insisted
He still was Alrashid.

Har. What next?

Moth. M. When I tried
To bring him to reason, he swore that I lied,
Flew at me and beat me and pounded me so,
That I called in the neighbors.

Zar. O me, here's a go!
Beats his mother!

Har. That's jolly. So, Madam, your tears
Are not for the beating you got, but for fears
Lest the rascal who beat you himself should get scarred?

Moth. M. When was mother, since Eve, on a son ever hard?

Master of C. Great Prince of the Faithful, Mesrour is in sight.

Har. With Abou?

Master of C. With Abou.

Har. So Zara all's right

But I want you to play one more trick, little sprite.

A word in your ear.

(*Whispers. She hesitates.*)

Dost thou hear me.

Zar. O pray

Excuse—

Har. Must I speak twice?

Zar. I hear and obey.

(*Aside.*) Poor Abou I'm really tired of teasing him,
I'd rather be thinking of wedding and pleasing him.

My curse on all Princes! Hurrah for the day

When Caliph and king shall have both passed away!

(*Exit, glancing back at Abou entering.*)

(ORCHESTRA.)

(*Enter MESROUR and guard with ABOU bareheaded, bruised, tattered and in a state of dilapidation, moaning and sobbing. MESROUR carries the royal robes and slippers. Willow Wand, Cluster of Pearls and Chorus gather round him, jeering at him and pulling him about.*)

(ORCHESTRA.)

Chorus.

What's the matter, Abou Hassan,
Roaring like a bull of Bashan,
What has put you in a passion?

Abou.

Fiends attacked me,
Woolled and whacked me,
Hewed and hacked me,
Wronged and, racked me.

Chorus.

It's a shame, a mortal shame, sir.
Come and tell us what their names were;
They'll be made to answer soon.

Abou.

Take me, friends, unto your keeping,
Tho' I'm nearly blind with weeping,
Let me see the great Haroun.

Solo and Chorus.

Let { me } see the great Haroun.
 { him }

Bis. What's the matter, Abou Hassan,
 What has put him in a passion?

Chorus.

Tell us, tell us why you're battered,
 Why your dress is torn and tattered,
 Why your face with blood is spattered?

Abou.

Demons found me,
 Grinned around me,
 Beat and bound me,
 Then discrowned me.

Chorus.

It's a shame, a mortal shame, sir.
 Come and tell us what their names were;
 They'll be made to answer soon.

Abou.

Am I dreaming, am I waking?
 Every bone in me is aching.
 Let me see the great Haroun.

Solo and Chorus.

Let { me } see the great Haroun.
 { him }

Bis. What's the matter, Abou Hassan,
 Roaring like a bull of Bashan?

(*He is brought before HAROUN.*)

Haroun. Speak, fellow, thy business.

Abou, (looking up, then rushes back, overturning all on right.)
 Bismillah, the dervise!

Har., (sternly.) Thy name?

Abou. Abou Hassan, great Prince, at thy service. (*Rushes back, overturning all on left.*)

(*Aside.*) O Lord, and I ordered him strapped to a mule
 And driven tail foremost!

Har. Mesrour, has this fool
 Lost his tongue?

Mes. He is less of a fool than a knave.

Abou., (aside.) So *he's* Mesrour and *I* had him licked.

Mes. The base slave
 Made off with your Majesty's gold robes and shoes,
 Swearing *he* was our Caliph.

Har. *He* Caliph, the deuce!

Mes. They were taking him off to the madhouse when I
Caught a glimpse of the scamp as I chanced to pass by,
So to get the young gentleman out of his trouble,
I ordered the officers present——

Abou. To double
The number of lashes prescribed !

Har. Ah, I see.

Mes. But not on your bare back, as you did for me.

Abou, (aside.) I feel I'm a goner ; he'll never forgive
The licking I gave him.

Har. Shall this robber live?

Say Giafar, my vizier, I leave it to you.

Abou, (aside.) That's Giafar, his vizier ! I had *him* licked too.

Giaf. Let him dance for his bacon, as we did before him,
While Mesrour and I swing the *Castanets* o'er him.

Mes. Just give us the drumsticks and strike up a jig :
Between us, old Giaf., we'll soon finish this prig.

Moth. M. They'll kill him !

Zobe. Have pity !

Har. What pity had he,
When *he* was the Caliph, I wonder, on me?
Maltreated my vizier, made love to my Queen——]

Abou. No, she made love to me !

Zobe. O you wretch !

Abou. I didn't mean——

Zobe. Yes you did.

Abou, (crying.) No I didn't. The fact is I'm green,
As green as a gosling but ten seconds old.

(Approaching and kneeling to Haroun.)

Great Prince, I perceive I've been horribly sold.

I see it all now : you were all very smart,

But since the joke's over, pray let me depart.

Har. No: the scandal of stealing my slippers and vest
Has cost us the life of the one you loved best.

From the moment you left us she cannot be found,

Some say she's a maniac, some say that she's——

(ORCHESTRA.)

*(Chorus of maidens heard approaching, chanting an oriental dirge ;
finally enter in procession.)*

Chorus.

Drowned !

Drowned ! drowned !

Deep in the fountain neath the willow

There O there was her body found,

Under the wave was her crystal pillow.

Abou. My Zara dead !

Moth. M. My daughter drowned !

Ambo. Bismillah !

Moth. M. And *you* to kill her ?

You of all others, you her husband brother !

Somebody catch me.

Abou. Somebody catch my mother.

Har. What shall his doom be ? his sister and bride,—
She was both—he has slaughtered ; 'tis ours to decide
Retribution.

Giaf. The first step will be to provide
Retribution in kind.

Mes. Make him marry some witch
Who will carefully keep him in check with her switch.
Some desperate she-devil, lame, ugly and old,
With a claw that can scratch and a tongue that can scold.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Har.

Bring in the old nurse of my mother.

Duo.

Bring in the old nurse of his mother.

Chorus.

Bring in the very old nurse of his mother.

Abou. Hold

My heart ! You sinews bear me stiffly up
To drain the last fell drop in sorrows cup !

(*Enter ZARA on crutches disguised as an old woman.*)

There's a nice bride ?

(*Aside.*

Har. My venerable nurse,

Wilt take this man for better or for worse !

Zar. Just let me, sweet Prince, have a look at him first.

Why he isn't so ugly ! My stars he's quite young.

But, O my ! hasn't somebody cut out his tongue ?

Won't you love me my honey ?

Abou. Venus and Mars,

Must I marry my grandmother ? All ye chaste stars
Shut your eyes !

Zar. Here's my hand.

Abou. Zounds, it feels like the claw
Of a vulture. Well, grandmother, give us your paw.

(ORCHESTRA—A Comic Dance.)

(*ZARA throws away one crutch.*)

Abou. There goes one leg. Hurrah ! keep it up little mother.
(*Aside.*) She'll drop dead if I dance her clean off of the other.

Zar., (dancing away hard.) I feel twenty years younger.
(Throws away other crutch.)

Abou. Bedad, it's no joke
 To keep up with her.

Zar., (throwing off her cloak.) Somebody pick up my cloak.
 Stand up to it, honey!

Abou. She'll never be done.
 Nothing's left of her now but her skeleton.

Zar. Another round, duck.

Abou, (aside.) O my lord!

Zar. Come along!

Abou. Heaven and earth, ancient dame, this is going it strong.
(They strike a new figure, after which Abou falls out.)

I'm used up!

Zar. Don't you know me?
(Throws off veil and rest of disguise.)

Abou. What, Zara, the drowned!

Zar. But you know, dearest Abou, my body was found.

Abou. Then, henceforth, as my bride, soul and body, I claim
 you.

Outwitted all round, but, bedad, it's a shame, you
too were against me.

Zar. Alrashid commanded,
 I had to obey.

Abou. I'm no match single-handed.
 For you all. *(Kneels before throne.)*

Great Alrashid, forgive all my folly.

Har. 'Tis I who have sinned, so arise and be jolly.
(Taking Abou by hand and advancing.)

(ORCHESTRA—DUO.)

Har.

While I have a heart to feel,
 While I have a dime to lend,
 You shall never miss a meal,
 You shall never want a friend.
 While I've coals to cook a steak,
 And a cup of wine to quaff,
 And a crust of bread to break,
 We will share it half and half.

Har and Abou.

Let the world wag as it may,
 Till the hurly burly ends,
 Till the mountains melt away
 You and I are henceforth friends.

Abou.

While the ocean hides a pearl,
 While the heavens hold a breeze,
 While a man may love a girl,
 While the song birds seek the trees;

While a frog is left to croak,
While the lion shakes his mane,
While the acorn's on the oak,
May our good Alrashid reign.

Abou and Haroun.

Let the world wag as it may,
Till the hurly burly ends,
Till the mountains melt away,
You and I are henceforth friends.

Har. Your hand on the bargain! Fast friends evermore!

Abou. Evermore. (*Aside.*) But I'll pay him back before
The year's over. He laughs best who laughs last.

Har. 'Tis time love's true knot were made fast.

Zobe., (*imperially.*) In garments of snow let the bride be
attired.

Har., (*imperially.*) In robes of the sun be the bridegroom
arrayed.

Zobe. Ho matrons and maidens your help is required.

Har. Ho gentlemen lend Abou Hasson your aid.

Let him shine like the sun.

Zobe. Let her glow like the moon.

Thus sayeth the Queen.

Har. And thus sayeth Haroun.

(ORCHESTRA—March.)

*Procession of women file off on one side with ZARA and MOTHER
MINA; procession of men file off on other side with ABOU,
MESROUR and GIAFAR following.*

Mes., (*to Giaf.*, *sotto voce.*) Shall I punch in his head? Shall
I give him a cuff?

Giaf. Let him marry, that's punishment, surely, enough.

Mes. But she's pretty; and what I detest is to see
A pretty girl marry any other than me.

Giaf. I'll bet you a mule ere they're half through their honey-
Moon, mark, they'll be wholly cleaned out of their money.

Mes. There's some hope of their starving then?

Giaf. Yes, for of all

Extravagant creature's, that dangerous doll

Of a Zara's the worst. O we'll see! O we'll see!

Mes. Then, perhaps, when he's bankrupt he'll sell her to me?
Eyes right—forward—close up—file left! Too-ral-loo!

Ere he's married a month, Giaf?

Giaf. He'll sell her to you.

(*Exeunt processsion, ABOU, ZARA, MOTHER MINA, GIAFAR bringing
up the rear of the men, MESRROUR of the women.*)

Har. Now, my Queen, while our friends for the bridal
prepare,
Shall we have back the ballet?

Zobe. Most certainly, dear.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Master of C.

Bring in the Caliph's Corps de Ballet.

Duo.

Bring in the Caliph's celebrated Corps de Ballet.

Chorus.

Bring in the Caliph's very celebrated Corps de Ballet.

BALLET.

(*After which re-enter processions from either side, led respectively
by MESROUR and GIAFAR. ABOU and ZARA in rear, who, as they
meet, join hands in centre of stage.*)

Abou, (*trying to lift her veil.*) Is it you or your grandmother?
Come let me see.

Zar. Why, yes, I'm afraid that it's really me.

(*He lifts veil. She stands abashed.*)

Mes., (*comically, half mimicking, and half indignant.*)
Why, yes, I'm afraid that it's really she.

(*Moves towards the throne in rear.*)

Chorus.

To the Bridal! To the Bridal!
Scatter gold and scatter flowers!
To the Bridal! To the Bridal!
Drown in wine the rosy hours.

Spirits all of earth and air,
Fairies near and fairies far,
Every planet every star
Smile upon the happy pair!

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Hall at Abou Hassan's, as in Act I. ZARA on sofa at side. Two slave girls fanning her. Curtained bedstead in centre.

Slave Girl, (as Zara examines her rings, &c.) Those rings are very pretty.

Zar. But the Queen
Has prettier. Ah me, you should have seen
A diamond necklace I saw yesterday.
If I had *that*, I guess nobody'd say
The Queen has prettier.

S. Girl. Why not buy it?

Zar. Poh,
Suppose I asked and Abou should say no?
How flat I'd feel. It costs a mint of money.
S. Girl. Does Abou Hassan ee'r refuse his honey
Anything?

Zar. True: but then he's sometimes vexed,
And looks as if he wondered, well, what next?
I'll ask him though and take an affidavit
To stop all flirting if he'll let me have it.

(Enter ABOU HASSAN down centre, looking as if he'd just got out of his coffin; all in white, except a red Fez on his head. Approaches unperceived, smoking his pipe.)

S. Girl. If he won't let you, sue for a divorce.

Zar. Married a year and sue for a divorce?

S. Girl. It's all the fashion.

Zar. Yes?

S. Girl. Of course.

Abou, (at her side unperceived.) Of course!

(ZARA screams at his ghost-like appearance. He sits beside her on sofa; at a gesture from him exeunt the two slave girls.)

Zar. O how you scared me! Feel my heart! I took
You for a ghost. You don't know how you look!
Why did you put on that most horrid rig?

Abou. Because I dreamed last night I saw them dig
My grave!

Zar. Your grave!

Abou. I'll die to day!

Zar. Dont jest
On such a subject.

Abou. So I thought it best
To dress to suit the occasion. Now, you see

When the time comes and I pop over, dear,
You'll only have to lay me on the bier
Just as I am—all ready.

Zara. Abou, don't!

I can't believe you're dying, and I won't.

Abou. In half an hour you'll see me dead enough—
Behold my life go out just as you snuff
A candle.

Zar., (weeping.) O! O! O!

Abou. Come, that's too strong:
You know you'll never be a widow long.

Zar., (caressingly.) But Abou—

Abou. Well?

Zar. Dear Abou—

Abou. Yes.

Zar. Before

You go—before we part for evermore,
Grant me but this.

Abou. I grant it in advance.

Zar. In the bazaar, the other day, by chance,
I saw the nicest necklace—

Abou. Ah? Proceed.

Zar. And mayn't I have it?

Abou. Certainly.

Zar., (clapping her hands.) Indeed!
You don't know what it costs?

Abou. No matter what:

It's all the same.

Zar., (kissing him.) Then, darling, on the spot.
I'll take the money.

Abou. Yes, love, take the key

And help yourself. Ope! Open sesame!

*(ZARA touches the secret panel, which flies open, discovering all
the shelves empty.)*

'Take what you want. Fill purse and pouch and pocket,
Then shut the door, my dear, and double lock it.

Zar., (recoiling.) All gone! Gone where?

Abou. You ought to know: You spent it.

Zar. I've ruined you?

Abou. Yes.

Zar. Heavens, I never meant it!

I'll sell my hoops, my hair, sell every jewel—

Abou. I'd ne'er survive a sacrifice so cruel.

(Enter MOTHER MINA, hastily.)

Marg. The butcher, brewer, goldsmith, sheriff, baker
Are back again !

Abou. 'Tis time the undertaker
Called too !

Moth. M. The undertaker ! What, my son ?

Abou. Yes, mother, Abou's sands are nearly run !
Dismiss our creditors and bid them call
To-morrow : Zara'll pay them, one and all.

Moth. M. They won't believe you.

Abou. Tell them that it's sworn on
The prophet's beard and also on the Koran.

(*Exit MOTHER MINA.*)

I feel the hour approaching !

Zar. Don't die yet !

They say that death's even worse than being in debt.

Abou. Don't you believe them, duck : it's better fun
To die than live tormented by a dun. (*Starts.*)
Behold, my lips grow pale, my eyes grow dim—
Adown the stream of time I seem to swim
A snow-white swan—and, as I float along,
The rushes tremble to my dying song.

(*ORCHESTRA—Song.*)

Abou—Solo.

I am drifting with the wind,
Toward the billow, toward the billow ;
All my playmates left behind,
'Neath the willow, 'neath the willow.
All alone, all alone,
Toward the sunset I am sailing—
I hear the storm-cloud moan
And the heart of ocean wailing.
Friend, O friend upon the shore,
Are we parting evermore !

Bless me, bless me ere I go,
Let your eyes upon me linger :
Lo ! I melt, as melts the snow,
'Neath the pressure of your finger.
As I roam, as I roam,
Earth grows dim and heaven grows nearer :
Have I lost or found a home ?
Answer, answer, which is dearer !
Friend, O friend beyond the tide,
I am sailing to thy side !

(*Re-enter MOTHER MINA.*)

Abou. Come, mother, it's high time to lay me out.

Moth. M. What, in the Prophet's name, are you about ?

Abou. Now, Zara, hurry to the Queen and tell her
Thy Abou's dead—died suddenly, poor fellow !

Dishevel thy hair, put chalk upon thy cheek
 Beat thy breast fiercely, slap thy face and shriek,
 Cry your eyes out!—and, if I'm not mistaken,
 She'll give you gold enough to save our bacon,
 And buy that necklace.

Zar., (*clinging to him.*) Don't die *just* for that.

Abou. Do as I tell you: die, I must, that's flat,
 Fly to thy mistress as the swallow flies,
 And, mind you're back in time to close my eyes.

Zar., (*embracing.*) My love—farewell!

Abou., (*embracing.*) Farewell, my dove, my treasure!
 Bring gold enough to fill a bushel measure. (*Exit ZARA.*)
 Now, mother. (*Taking off fez.*)

Moth. M. Now, my son.

Abou., (*giving bandage.*) This bandage white
 Around my jaws—

Moth. M., (*tying it.*) Yes.

Abou. Hang it, not so tight.

Don't I look dead—don't I look very dead?

(*Folding hands and shutting eyes.*)

Won't I look deader when I'm laid abed.

Moth. M. Don't make a farce of death, my son, take care:
 Its never safe to carry a jest too far.

I've read of wags, who just by way of joke,
 Slept in a coffin—

Abou., (*starting.*) Ha!

Moth. M. And never woke.

Abou. Ha! (*Tragic start as if shot through the heart.*)

Moth. M. I told you so.

Abou. Somebody hold my head.

Lead me to yonder couch. Good bye. I'm dead.

(*She assists him to the bed in centre.*)

Moth. M. Say, *Abou*, are you sick or only shamming?

Abou. Peace, woman, don't you hear the prophets psalming?

(ORCHESTRA)

Compose my pillow—so: tie up my feet,
 And over all my body fold the sheet.
 That's it. Now light the tapers, but be certain
 You don't set fire to our new silk curtain.

(*She lights tapers at head of bed.*)

Moth. M. What else?

Abou. At yonder window take your seat
 And tell me all that goes on in the street.
 No signs of *Zara*?

Moth. M. None.

Abou. She's not as quick

As usual.

(Kicking and turning a little.)

Dead folks must get very sick

Of one position.

Moth. M. Coming!

Abou. Bless the jilt!

Who's with her?

Moth. M. Nobody!

Abou. That's good.

Moth. M. Full tilt

She's running.

Abou. Does she carry weight?

Moth. M. I think so:

Her apron's full of something.

Abou,

(Raising his head.)

Gold, by jingo.

(Enter ZARA, breathless, her apron full of gold bags.)

God bless my precious pet, my fairy prize,

Back just in time to close your Abou's eyes.

Come kiss me.

Zar., (reeling.) I've been running like a horse: its
Been too much for me: unlace my corsets!

(She staggers as if about to fall. ABOU springs out of bed to catch her, forgetting that his feet are tied, and tumbles down.)

Abou. Untie my feet!

Zar. Undo my stays!

Abou, (tugging at bandage.) O bother!

Zar., (as Mother Mina unlaces her.) Somebody cut these ribbons or I'll smother.

Abou, (tearing off bandage.) Confound it!

(Jumping up and catching Zara.)

Zara, Zara, speak, what ails thee?

Zar. I cannot speak: a deadly chill assails me:

I ran too fast—but yet I saved thy life!

Then break my heart and welcome! *(falling in his arms.)*

Abou, (momentary tableau.) O my wife!

Zar. You'll find the gold, two hundred pieces clear,
Safe in my apron.

Abou. O my thoughtful dear!

Zar. Stretch me upon the bier and cease to mourn,
You'll soon get rich again when Zara's gone.

Abou. She's dying in earnest! Woe, O treble woe!

Moth. M. Aha, I knew it! Hah, I told you so.

Zar., (*taking Abou's hand.*) Go to the Caliph—beat your bosom—tear

Your hair out by the roots—put on an air
Of madness mixed with absolute despair:
Weep if you can—and if you cannot weep,
Howl like a hound that's hunting a lost sheep:
Tell him your blessed Zara's gone to glory,
And so——(*archly*)

——you'll get two hundred pieces more.

Abou. Why,
You little witch! No wonder I adore ye.

Zar. Quick, ere the Caliph leaves the hall of state
And meets the Queen; she'll tell him, sure as fate,
What passed between us, and 'twill be too late
To gull him then.

Abou, (*rapidly changing dress.*) That's so. Farewell, my bride,
But mind you die as if you'd really died.
Dress for the fancy sepulchre with all
The care you'd undress for a fancy ball,
And now to catch Alrashid ere he meet
The Queen. Is that blamed bandage off my feet?

Moth. M. Yes; fly, my boy! Be prudent.

Zara. And be fleet.

Abou. They may return with me, so *stay* dead, I entreat.

(*Exit ABou.*)

Zara. Jump, mother; let us stow away our treasure.
Ope Sesame! (*The panel flies open.*)
(*Handling gold bags.*) Up with them! What a pleasure
To see our bank once more prepared to pay!

Moth. M. We'll pay too dearly for it ere the day
Is over. What will great Alrashid say
When he finds out——

Zara. Finds out we're living. Why,
Would he be better pleased were we to die
In earnest? He who frolics with a wag—
Peasant or prince—must sometimes take last tag.
Give me my nightgown, Ma, and mourning veil.
My lips and cheeks might be a thought more pale.

(*Goes to mirror and paints her face white, while MOTHER MINA
hangs gown and veil from bed.*)

Don't I look horribly? another touch
Will make me hideous.

Moth. M. Don't lay on too much.
Here are the grave clothes.

Zar. (*Putting them on.*) That's soon done. And now What next?

Moth. M. This linen bandage round your brow And jaws.

Zar. And jaws? Don't tie 'em tight I pray,
On any account: leave my tongue room to play:
I'll feel so funny with my jaws tied tight:
A woman might as well be dead outright
As tongue tied.

Moth M. Can't you hold your tongue a bit?

Zar. Looser, Mamma, or else I'll have a fit.

Moth M. (*At the top of her voice.*) Stop talking will you!—
Jump into the bed!

Zar. Gracious alive, am I already dead!

Moth. M. Abou 'll be back, before you're in position,
With all the courtiers, court, and court physician,
Just think if you are caught in this condition.

Zar. Well lay me out! (*Jumps on the bed.*)

Moth M. (*Arranging sheet, &c.*) Keep quiet now, don't grin,
Or stir, or—

Zar. (*Starting up screaming.*) Ouch!

Moth. M. What's wrong?

Zar. Take out this pin.

Moth. M. Now, then, shut up. Keep both your feet upright,
Clasp both your hands—close lips and eyelids tight—
Keep your nose well up— (*Moving away to window.*)

Zar. Ma, I feel a kind o'
Skeery. Where are you?

Moth. M. Only at the window,
Watching for Abou.

Zar. Is he coming?

Moth. M. Yes.

Zar. Who's with him?

Moth. M. Nobody.

Zar. That's bully! Bless
The stars! Can't I get up?

Moth. M. Not till he's here;
It won't be long; he's running like a deer.

Zar. Has he no bundle?

Moth. M. Yes, across his back
There's dangling something very like a sack.
But here he is to answer for himself.

Zar. I hope he brings more gold-bags to our shelf.

(*Enter ABOU running, unslings a sack, filled with gold-bags, from his shoulder.*)

Abou, (breathing hard.) I just had time to do the business nicely.

A message from the Queen arrived precisely
As I was leaving. Take these gold-bags, Ma.
Don't get up Zara; steady as you are.

(MOTHER MINA *stows the bags away on the shelves.*)

Zar What's the next operation, Abou?

Abou. Why,
Can't you imagine?

Zar. Are we both to die?

Abou. Of course; what else? Haroun must soon compare
Notes with the Queen; the Queen, of course, will swear
It's I that died, while he will swear it's you.
To end the quarrel they'll all come to view
Our premises. Ho, mother, dress in black;
Tell all the slaves we're dead, then hurry back.
Quick, for they'll soon be here. (*Exit MOTHER MINA.*)

(*Looking from window.*) Yes, sure as fate,
There's a big stir about the palace gate.
I wish we once were well through with this antic;
I fear there are slippery things besides a pancake.

Zar. Well, let's go through it, since the game's begun.

Abou. Well said, my tulip. Here they come, full run.

(*Re-enter MOTHER MINA.*)

Abou, (changing costume again.) Once more, ye robes sepulchral. There, that's it.

Fasten this bandage;—tighter—Ouch! I bit
My tongue in half.

Zar. I'm glad it wasn't me.

Abou, (getting in bed.) Fix us all right, then call the slaves
to see

The double death; the more they howl and weep
The better. Farewell, gentle Zara; keep
Still as a stone.

Zar. I'll never budge an inch,
And if you catch me snoring—

Abou. Well?

Zar. Why pinch.

(ORCHESTRA.)

(MOTHER MINA *goes to both sides and beckons. A wild Oriental Dirge heard without; then enter double Chorus of Slaves. The knocking of Caliph's Guard heard blended with the lament. Then enter the Guard from Central Rear and form. Enter rapidly from Right HAROUN, MESROUR and Eunuchs: from Left Zobeide, Giafar and Ladies of Court, encountering each other with, violent gestures, &c. MOTHER MINA kneels by the bed unobserved.*)

Har. I say it's Zara that's dead.

Zobe. I say it's Abou that's dead,

Har. I had it from his own lips she was dead. Didn't I, Mesrour?

Mes. From his own lips. Some twenty-five times from his own lips.

Zobe. And I had it from *her* own lips that *he* was dead. Didn't I, Giafar?

Giaf. From her own lips! some forty-five times or more from her own lips.

Har. It was no ghost I saw, Madam, I can tell you that! A living man, Madam,—beating his breast—slapping his face—tearing his hair! Wasn't it Mesrour?

Zobe., (*pushing back Mesrour.*) It was no ghost *I* saw, I can tell you that! A living woman, Sir,—beating her breast—slapping her face—tearing her hair! Wasn't it, Giafar?

Har., (*pushing back Giafar.*) I gave him two hundred gold pieces for *her* funeral. Didn't I, Mesrour?

Mes. I put them with *my* hands into *his* hands, and saw him bounce off with them as if the devil were behind him.

Zobe. I gave *her* two hundred gold pieces for *his* funeral. Didn't I, Giafar?

Giaf. With these identical fingers I counted them out into her apron, and saw her shoot off with them like a deer.

Mes. Giafar, allow me to look at your phrenological organs! (*To Haroun.*) Soft, sire—soft,

Giaf. Mesrour, allow me a look at the whites of your eyes. Mad, my lady—hopelessly insane.

Mes. Giafar, in spite of your age, I always entertained a profound respect for your word.

Giaf. Proceed, sir

Mes. I blush to acknowledge that I was the victim of an entirely misplaced confidence.

Giaf. Indeed, sir.

Mes. Excuse the little liberty I am about to take: you are a first-class liar, sir; that's all, sir,—a first-class liar!

Zobe. Child of a cur, darest thou give the vizier the lie for upholding the word of his mistress?

Mes. Verily, he was right who wrote that women are deficient in sense and veracity.

Zobe. Dog of a slave, thy sense is like that of the hen. Let me at him, Giafar! I'll scratch his eyes out!

Har. Here's a mess, a lovely mess, an exquisite mess!

(ORCHESTRA.)

*Quartette and Double Chorus.**Har.*, (*stepping forward.*) I say it's she that's dead!*Zobe.* " " I say it's he that's dead!*Mes.* " " I say it's she!*Giaf.* " " I say it's he!*Quartette.* And so we never shall agree!*Har.*

Upon my soul I swear.

Zobe.

Upon the book I declare.

Mes.

That she's the one.

Giaf.

That Abou's done.

Quartette. O I'm not such a simpleton.*Chorus.*

So let this clamor cease,

Quartette—Agreed!

And let us wait in peace,

" "

For it soon must come to light

Who is wrong and who is right.

Dirge of Slaves introduced in combination with Chorus.)*Har.*

And am I such a mule,

Zobe.

And am I such a fool,

Mes.

That I should lie,

Giaf.

Or I deny,

Quartette. When there cannot be a doubt?*Har.*

So may I never rest!

Zobe.

And may I ne'er be blest!

Mes.

I'll never drink!

Giaf.

I'll never wink!

Quartette. Until the matter is found out!*Chorus.*

So let this clamor cease,

Quartette—Agreed!

And let us wait in peace,

" "

For it soon must come to light

Who is wrong and who is right.

(Dirge of Slaves introduced in combination with Chorus.)

Zobe. But, soft, behold that figure by the bed !
'Tis Zara !

Giaf. Weeping for her Abou dead.

Mes., (to Haroun.) *Giaf.* cannot tell ; his brain's so addled lately—

A bride of twenty from a crone of eighty !

Har. Is it the mother ?

Mes. Can't you see her shoulders ?

Two withered cross-bones warning all beholders.

Zobe., (bending over the figure.) Weep not, my Zara, though your Abou moulders.

Arise and tell us where your husband's laid.

Moth M., (rising.) You take me for my daughter, I am afraid.

Mes., (to Giaf.) You soap-head !

Har., (seizing Moth. M. by one arm.) Hither, Mother——

Zobe., (taking her other arm.) Hither ! tell me——

Har. Isn't it *she* that's dead ?

Zobe. Isn't it *he* that's dead ?

Mes. I heard her say *her*.

Giaf. I heard her say *him*.

Har. Answer good mother.

Zobe. End all this brother.

Mes. There, she says Zara.

Giaf. There, she says Abou.

Zobe. Answer, I pray.

Har. Answer straightway.

Mes. and Giaf. Don't keep us waiting all day.

Moth. M. How can I answer when you all four yell me

Out of my senses. It is ——

Har. Zara ?

Zobe. Abou ?

Mes. Zara ?

Giaf. Abou ?

Zobe. Him, I'll take an oath !

Har. Her, I'll be sworn.

Moth. M. Alas, its bo—bo—both !!

Omnes. Both dead !!!

Moth M. Together stretched upon that bed.

Har. Fold back the curtains, Mamelukes !

(ORCHESTRA.)

(*The curtains are drawn back by the Mamelukes. The pair discovered side by side, hands clasped, &c. A dirge by orchestra. Tableau.*)

Har. Allah alone is great !

Zobe. How sudden was the stroke of fate.

Giáf. Our sister Zara lives no more !

Mes. Our brother Abou's jokes are o'er !

Har. The faithful lovers could not live apart.

Zobe. Love's legacy to love—a broken heart.

Har. But who died first?

Zobe. Why *he* did !

Har. *She* did !—Here !—

My Garden of Delights against your Bower of Bendermere
That *she* died first.

Zobe. Done ! done ! Since time began,
Who ever heard of any married man
Dying of love ? Wives sometimes do—men never.

Har. A thousand gold pieces to whomsoever
Will tell me who died first.

Abou, (*rising in bed in his shroud.*) Great Caliph, I did.

(ORCHESTRA.)

(*A crash of music. A grand movement of terror. Tableau.*)

I hope you'll see me instantly provided
With those same thousand gold pieces.
(*Getting out of bed and kneeling on one knee.*)

Last tag,
My gracious prince. *I owed you ONE*, and swore
To pay you back with interest, before
The year was out.

Har. There is no other wag
But Abou Hassan !

Zobe. Is *she* living too?

Abou. Most beauteous Queen, as much alive as you.
(*ZOBEIDE and Ladies encircle ZARA, who rises amongst them.*)

Har., (*to Abou.*) Arise, we're quits. I'm glad you are not
dead.

But what put such a trick into your head?

Abou. Prince of the Faithful, must the truth be spoken?
Zara's so—pretty, I'm completely broken.
I spent one fortune—she just spent another
In less than twelve-month—you may ask my mother.

Har. 'Tis well for thee Alrashid's purse is large, Sir.

Abou. 'Tis well for me Alrashid's soul is larger.

Har. A word, my Queen. (*Whispers a moment with Zobeide.*)

Zar., (*whispering to Abou.*) That necklace she now wears,
That's the one—she's just bought it.

Har. It appears
I've lost my Garden of Delight.

Zobe. That's so..

Har. What says Queen Zobeide? May I bestow
The stake on Abou Hassan?

Zobe. Let him take it.

And, Zara, wear this necklace for my sake; it
May chance to please you.

Zar. Ah, you read my eyes,
My Queen.

Har. And now behold the Paradise
You've won; 'twill puzzle Zara to run through
The fortune that is now assigned to you.
Bring in the Court Magician.

(ORCHESTRA.)

Duo. Bring in the mighty Court Magician.

Chorus. Bring in the high and mighty Court Magician.

(*Arise* MAGICIAN *in centre.*)

Har. Call in view
The Garden of Delight!

INCANTATION.

Magician. Slave of the Lamp,
Leap from the mountain;
Slave of the Ring,
Spring from the fountain,
From our vision chase
Intervening space.
Bring before our sight
The Garden of Delight!

Grand Transformation Scene to the Garden of Delight.

CURTAIN.





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